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40+

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Nature has blessed me with a nice sets of boobs. Yes, they are all natural, and very sensitive. My nipples especially. When a guy or girl touches my nipples, I can almost feel every ridge of their fingerprint through them. That's how sensitive they are.















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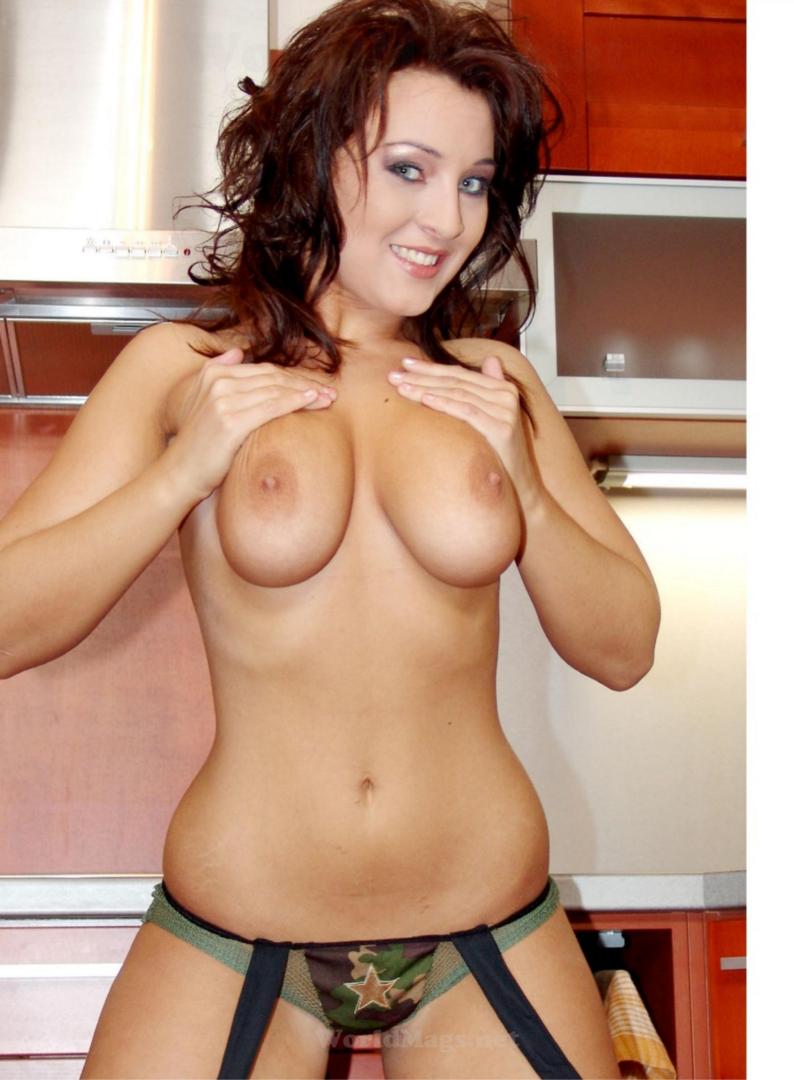


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4C+

40+ #52



Last weekend, my wife and I were walking through the park and down a trail where we spotted an large overgrown area about twenty feet off the path. Looking in front and behind us, we didn't see anyone so I grabbed her hand and pulled her into the thicket. We found a secluded spot that was clear enough for the both of us. I took off my overcoat and laid it down. Impulsively we started kissing and touching each other like eighteenyear-olds in heat.

One hand slipped under her sweater in no time and the other was caressing her inner thighs. She was immediately gasping. I moved my hand between her tummy and jeans all the way down under her panties. I found the little patch of pubic hair and got excited. She became horny as hell. My hand was just a few inches from her pussy lips but her panties were wet already. Then I felt my belt buckle come loose and one by one my buttons being opened. I felt the open air on my half naked body. She pushed her hand against my briefs, felt my hard cock and undeniable lust. She reached up and then back down under my underwear and grabbed it which was by now hard as a rock.

I pulled the zipper down on her pants, moved my fingers further down inside her panties, and touched her warm moist pussy. We laid down and opened up our clothes even more but left them on just enough so if we were spotted, we could dress quickly. (Yeah, like that would fool anyone.) She grabbed and began stroking my penis back and forth. My penis became red hot, moist and slippery by the precum. I made little circles around her clit and worked my fingers inside. She panted heavily as our mouths sucked and tongues twisted like mad. Her hand kept going back and forth on my cock as she started to get spasms. We used our hands on each other until we both came in mildly explosive climaxes.

We quickly got dressed and headed back to the car and sped home, undressing ourselves naked by the time we got to the bedroom. Gotta love the park for foreplay.

- Jonny J., Hollywood

SHAKE, RATTLE AND CUM

Hi guys, I'm a horny divorcee at 44 and I'm going to tell you what I did last Friday night. Get yourself ready and your imagination into high gear.

So, I live in a mid-rise apartment building in Chicago's Near North side and work on Michigan Avenue. I do my more intimate laundry on Thursday or Friday night in the building's laundry room to have some fresh undies for the weekend. I used to let the cleaners do them, but I think they were getting off on them so I stopped. Anyway, since it only takes an hour or so to do it, I'd take my music with me and just wait it out. It's usually empty in there except for the hum of the washers and tumble dryers and the scent of laundry detergent and fabric softener. I pulled my player out of my bag and selected Loreena McKennitt's

Thank you for responding to my letter to see more of Lisa Lipps. I'm so hot for Lisa, I almost creamed my pants when I walked by your issue on the newsstand. All I could see was her face behind the plastic, but I instantly knew who it was. I bought two copies. You know, one for now and one for later. Thanks again for making my day.

- Ed C., Hartford

album from my albums, cranked up the volume and closed my eyes as I backed up against the washer with my clothes. I am lost instantly to the music and the rhythm and vibrations of the washer.

I find myself moving to the rhythm and I lean forward across the washer, legs apart moving my hips to the rhythm. It was then that I became aware of the lightest of touches against my neck, and then another on my shoulder as soft hands reached around to the straps of my dress. I feel the presence of a warm, hard body. My straps are slipped from my shoulders to my arms, soft kisses on my cheek, neck and shoulders as I arch my back and turn my head towards the warmth. My eyes are still closed when warm lips find mine. Softly, they kiss me, sweetly caressing mine, then more urgently until a searching tongue finds its way between them and is met with mine. As the unknown hands leave my shoulders, one finds its way inside my dress to my breasts, nipples now awakened by the touch. The other hand slips lower, just barely brushing against my stomach until, with a precise movement, slides my hem up to reveal my panties and then slips inside the band.

Probing fingers seek my vulva and I find myself grinding against a growing hardness pressing against my lower back, and at the same time against the two fingers that have opened me up to allow the third to work deftly on my clit. I moan in time to the music as it is slowly dipped inside then out again precisely rubbing across its slick target. Like the clothes in the washer in front of me, I am being worked to lather. I cannot contain a shiver as I feel my panties pulled to the side from behind and I am lifted slightly. Without hesitation, a hard,



hot cock head slides easily between my thighs and presses against my wet swollen clit. I moan even louder as I'm driven crazy by the sensations and my legs are trembling. Firmly, strong hands hold me by the hips as the thrusting begins at last. The washer which is now vibrating loudly on its spin cycle, sending delicious sensations through me from the front while he rides me from behind. I feel myself clamping down onto his cock as I start to cum. I fall forward onto the washing machine which finished its climatic spinning, just as I did.

I open my eyes to the silence and look around only to find myself – and you.

- Simone, Chicago

LIGHTS, CAMERA, BJ

I'm writing to you because I have read some of the letters and stories that you publish and I want to add my two cents and maybe it can be of help or interest to someone. Lily and I have been married for almost twenty years. We're in our early forties and our sex life had gotten stale. Oh we did it every now and then, but same old stuff. I wanted things to be more fun and creative, she just wanted it over. So after a lot of thinking and talking, we decided to try filming ourselves. At first it would be only for us and if we thought more of

Dear 40+.

Not enough girlon-girl action for me. C'om on guys, lets get some more lesbian photo sets and movies in your rotation. I don't care if it only two girls, three girls or more girls. I don't even care if there is a guy in the shots, just be sure that there are at least two girls and they are doing themselves, too, if there is a guy.

I know there has to be a mix of stuff, but to have only one girl-on-girl set, or worse, none, is a crime against all us hot-blooded American men. I say three girl-on-girl sets.

- K.B., Boston

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it, maybe we would share it anonymously. With all the new phones and cameras, it was easy to shoot and see ourselves. Initially we thought we were too out-of-shape to excite anyone, so we decided to just shoot oral sex until we got into better shape. Filming ourselves gave us reason to do that.

At first, we planned out several blowjob scenarios and shot them. It not only gave me a chance to get some head, but my wife actually enjoyed controlling the action for the camera. She would put the camera in various positions to capture her mouth and my cock. It's a pretty simple process, for example: I lay down on the bed or into a chair and she works her way up my legs until she reaches my cock. Sometimes, I'll be limp and let her bring me to full arousal, or sometimes I'll be at full attention waiting for her lips. Then she'll use her hands and mouth to milk my cock and balls until I release a hot load of cum all over her face. A few times, she has even tried to swallow, something she had not done in our twenty years together!

Then little by little, we started uploading some of the short videos to the web. We found sites that would accept amateur submissions and learned to format and upload them to the sites. The technical backend of video size and format, etc. is so much easier now than it used to be. Many of the sites tell you exactly how to do it and if you follow the instructions, it's not hard at all. We've uploaded almost thirty clips to the web and have gotten great feedback. Most of it saying how great a cocksucker my wife is. With that to feed her ego, her fellating has gone to a whole new level than before the were filming. Now, she'll do tongue tricks, suck both my balls, suck it upside down, it's great, and all I have to do is just



lay there and take it. Needless to say, our videos have gotten much better since we first started. In fact, the last three of our uploads have made the most viewed list on the sites we posted. Some of the comments were also for my cock and huge cum loads, but I don't want to blow my own horn. That's for her to do. Now I've never had huge loads until we started doing the videos and she's been sucking me more and more.

I must admit that the clips of my eating her out do not get as much traffic. It's really hard to shoot a pussy and clit with a mouth covering it. If you shoot from the side and stick your tongue out, it always looks weird and you can't get it into the pussy, so we're going to experiment with anal licking. There's probably an audience for it and if my wife agrees, that would be another first for us, too. Since we've been doing this, I can get rock hard again in a few minutes compared to the recovery time it took me a few months ago. There were times that I couldn't even get it up a second time! Now, it's just like my college days when I could probably fuck a whole sorority without gong limp!

This has also done great things for us outside of sex. We talk more and laugh more. And, of course, we're now fucking more.

- Andrew, Charlotte, NC

Editor:

Okay, I'm stumped. I cannot get a woman to have anal sex with me, yet I see them all over your magazine. Somehow, the proportions are not there. For every ten photo sets, there are at least two or three getting it in the butt. I date twenty women and can't find a one! Help!

- Milos, Tampa

If you have something interesting to share, then go write ahead. Send your letters to the Editor, Blair Publishing, Inc., 10170 W. Tropicana Ave. #156-168, Las Vegas, NV 89147. All submissions become the property of Blair Publishing, Inc., and up to our discretion to publish them — or not. Either way, we enjoy reading them all.











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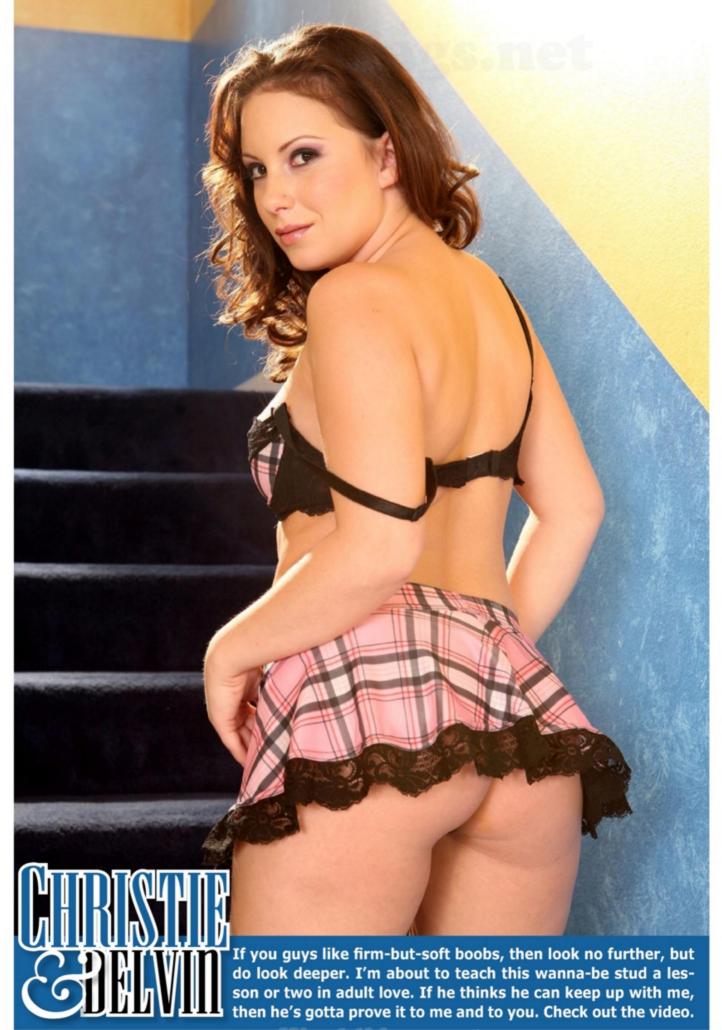












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And go get your checkbook! I have six cats, a mortgage, car payments, credit card debt, and a mother that likes to play bingo every Thursday, so I have to pose naked in this magazine just so you can get your rocks off looking at my perky, delicious boobs.

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I didn't want to spend the day alone, but I didn't want to spend it with anyone else, but I had to.

and what a day it was

Today, Valerie lingered in her bed until late in the morning as she didn't have much to do. "What a Mother's Day so far? This one is the worst ever. Nothing to do, nowhere to go, no husband to fuck me on my day." she thought. Mother's Day is a time of love, appreciation and celebrating with family. But Valerie was alone. Les was away as usual on a business trip and had left Valerie alone as usual. He tries to be a good husband, but to her, seems more devoted to his work than her needs. She doesn't even want to get out of bed

nicest couple and always fun to be around. "Hi Carole, Happy Mother's Day. What's up babe?" she answered. "Happy Mother's Day, dear. Going through the last minute preparations for tonight's party; I hope you remembered it." Carole said. "I don't think I'll be able to make it tonight, dearie." Valerie replied. "Dunston, darling can you come here and talk to Val. I don't understand what's happening, she is just behaving so distant." Carole shouted out to her husband. The thought of Dunston made butterflies flutter in Valerie's stom-



to make herself a cup of coffee. She looks at the bedside clock: 11:44. 'Damn,' she thinks to herself, 'here's a full day ahead and I'm alone.' She slinks down deeper between the bedsheets.

Breaking the silence, the phone chimes and she finds it under her pillow. "Hello." "Hi Val, Carole here." came a voice from the other end. Valerie and Carole were childhood buddies. Carole and her husband, Dunston always took good care of Valerie when Les was away on his oh-so-important business trips. They were the ach, 'What is going on with me? He's my best friend's husband. How can I think about him that way?' Valerie thought to herself. "Hey beautiful, Happy Mother's Day!" Dunston said. "I'm sorry but I can't make it tonight. Got something I gotta do." Valerie replied. "I'm not feeling too good, I didn't want to bother you guys with it." she said. "You know you're not fooling me, so you better be ready when I pick you up in fifteen minutes. Okay? I'm out the door." he insisted. "Dunston, I won't be able to..." Dunston cuts in, "Listen Val, enough! I'll see you shortly. Bye-bye."

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Valerie pushed the END button on her mobile and dragged herself out of bed and into the shower. She turned on the water and waited a moment for it to heat up. 'It would be great to feel his hands and mouth all over me.' she thought. Under the water, she rubbed her whole body with her shower gel, rubbing her boobs and pussy, all the while thinking about Dunston. Valerie rinsed and toweled dry. She went straight to her closet to hunt out the sexiest, yet modest dress. Her choice was a French blue frock that just reached above her knees. Laying out the dress on the bed, she dried her hair and applied makeup. Bent over the dresser, she

demanding tongue found a way into her mouth and started exploring and teasing. Valerie moved closer to him and kissed him back, swirling her tongue around his. This was an encouragement for him, as his hands started to untie her towel never taking his mouth from hers.

She stopped him taking a step back and looked at him asking, "What about your wife?" "Val, I know what your problem is. You need a good fuck and I'm here to oblige you. We can keep this our little secret from Carole and Les." he said. Valerie was shocked at his direct, yet-so-true reply. She argued with herself about stop-



was still looking through her undies drawer when she heard a knock on the door.

In a crazy little panic, Valerie throws some panties on the bed, grabs a towel, wraps it around her and goes to answer the door. She opens it and Dunston is standing there, car keys in hand, looking all handsome and inviting. "Now that's one hell of a dress for Mother's Day." he chides and moves in for a quick kiss. Dunston was always very polite, so to hear him kid her and kiss her, seemed a little out of place. She laughed and invited him in to wait while she finished dressing. "You didn't give me much time. You know a woman needs more than fifteen minutes to get ready for a party, or for anything!" He closed the door behind him and pulled her back into his arms and started kissing her deeply. His

ping him or not. But when his mouth covered hers with a passionate kiss, she forgot all and returned the kiss. Without even another thought, she pulled him deeper into the room, her towel slowly falling off in the process.

Dunston moved a step back observing her naked body. His eyes feasted on her firm chest and then moved lower as he studied her shaven pussy. After a few seconds of inspection he took her in his arms and moved towards the bedroom. He laid her on bed and took off his jeans and t-shirt. Now it was her turn to feast on his well-toned muscular body. She could see his cock, already hard, straining against his boxers. He removed his boxers to give Valerie the glimpse of his eight incher. She was already wet when he lowered himself onto her pussy. He opened her labia to insert his tongue and

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tongue-fucked her. Valerie was now moaning hard and moving her hips as no one had ever done this to her, not even Les. He rubbed her clit while he moved his tongue inside. Valerie muttered as she put her hands on the back of his head and pulled him closer to her pussy. "I am cumming!" she yelled as juices drained off into his waiting mouth. He moved up to her, kissing her mouth giving her the taste of her own cum, and she found that very exciting.

Then without warning, his cock found her wet pussy opening and inserted his shaft inside her and started her head and moaned out a long intense orgasm that started deep within her pussy and exploded with gushing juices that squirted out around his hard cock as he grunted and screamed out as his cock shot hot ripping bullets of sperm deep into her, splashing off the inner depths of her hot quivering cum-filled pussy.

Dunston held her pressed tight to him as her pussy milked out the very last drop of sperm in his balls. He was breathing in deep ragged gasps of air. She could feel the blood pumping through his body with every twitch of his still hard cock. He leaned over her and



fucking her. At first, it was slow strokes while he kissed and played with her tits and nipples. Valerie was moaning hard as the slow motion was torturing her and she wanted it faster. He increased his pace giving deep and fast strokes. He pressed Valerie's knees to her breasts and moved so fast that his balls slammed on her buttcheeks. Valerie shrieked with both pain and pleasure. Dunston answered with hard jarring strokes as he rammed his cock in and out of her swollen pussy, eliciting more moans from her as he ripped into her pussy that sent wave after wave of pleasure rippling through her. Valerie felt her pussy starting to quiver and go into spasms as her own orgasm washed over her. Her pussy was making squishy noises as Dunston pounded her harder and harder with his cock. He grabbed her hips and held her tight to him as Valerie threw back kissed her neck and shoulders with tender passion filled kisses. Then straightened back up and withdrew his cock from her cum-filled pussy and streams of cum poured out of her onto the bed.

Both rolled onto their backs and panted looking at the ceiling. After a few minutes, Dunston looked at her and said that it was time to get dressed. They gained their composure and gathered themselves up. Valerie disappeared into the bathroom to freshen up and when she came out, it was Dunston's turn. After all, it would not be a good idea to smell like sex at the party. Soon Valerie dressed herself and before they left her house, they kissed again with promise of more such times. Riding in his car, Valerie thought to herself, 'Now that's a Mother's Day like no other.'

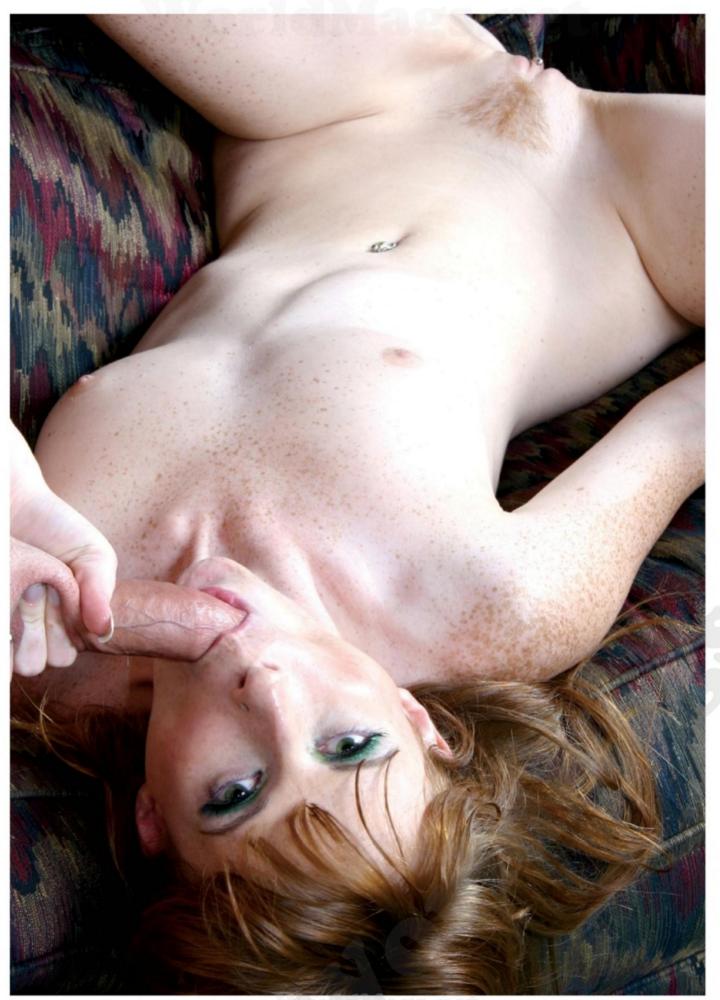
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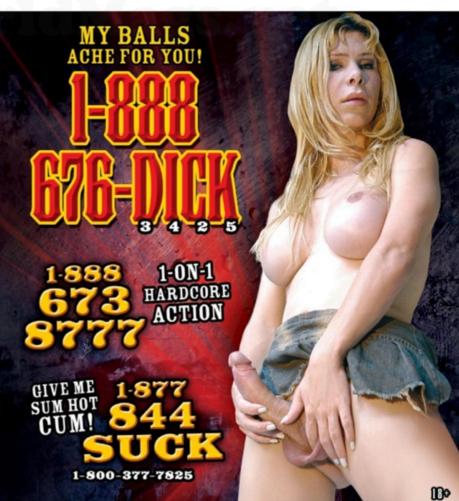


























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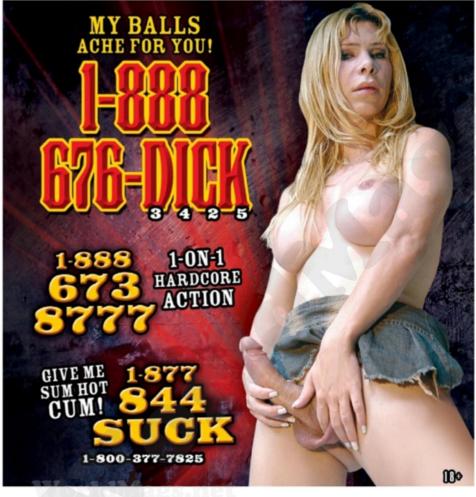


















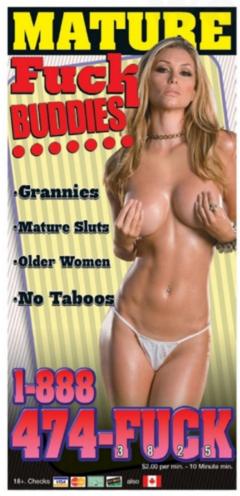














































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